

THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR.

HOLINESS TO THE LORD.



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ESQUIMAUX.

HERE is a representation of an Esquimaux (Eskimo) family, seated among the eternal ice and snow of the Polar regions, which to them is the best country and climate in the world. It leaves nothing to be desired in their estimation. This opinion and preference are based upon the experience of some of those who have been induced to leave their home by white travelers, and journey to other parts of the world. Although treated with the utmost kindness, they never could become reconciled to the change, and ever sighed to return. In some instances where their stay in other countries has been prolonged, they have yielded to feelings of melancholy until death has put an end to their suffering.

The truth is, they are so contented, and have such complete arrangements for making themselves comfortable at home, that they do not realize that their condition can be in the least improved by following any other habits, or living in any other country.

They live in huts made of snow; dress in seal skins, which completely protect them from the cold, or rather, which prevents the escape of heat from their bodies; they have spectacles made of wood, with a fine slit for them to look through, thus protecting their eyes from the piercing cold of the climate, and, in many ingenious ways they

add to their comfort and bear the climate without any suffering.

Parry, Ross, Franklin, Kane, and many others have visited their country, and gathered many interesting items concerning them. Captain Parry gives us the following description of an Esquimaux family:

"In the few opportunities we had of putting their hospitality to the test, we had every reason to be pleased with them. Both as to food and accommodation, the best they had were always at our service; and their attention, both in kind and degree, was everything that hospitality and even good breeding could dictate. The kindly offices of drying and mending our clothes, cooking our provisions, and thawing snow for our drink, were performed by the women with an obliging cheerfulness which we shall not easily forget, and which demanded its due share of our admiration and esteem. While thus their guest, I have passed an evening not only with comfort, but with extreme gratification; for, with the women working and singing, their husbands quietly mending their lines, the children playing before the door and the pot boiling over the blaze of a cheerful lamp, one might well forget for the time that an Esquimaux hut was the scene of this



domestic comfort and tranquility; and I can safely affirm, with Cartwright, that, while thus lodged beneath their roof, I know of no people whom I would more confidently trust, as respects either my person or my property, than the Esquimau."

SIGN-SEEKING.

BY J. H. VAN NATA.

IN the year 1841, three Elders—James M. Adams, James M. Emmett and Hiram Page—were traveling in Erie County, Pennsylvania, preaching the gospel. The opposing power, which is always ready to contest the ground with the Elders, inch by inch, manifested itself there in a most violent manner. As usual, this opposition came from those who professed to be Christians. A Baptist minister and his sons disfigured Elder Emmett's pony by clipping off its hair, daubing tar on it, etc., and the Elders were also threatened, though the threats were not put into execution.

The Elders were finally challenged to debate with a number of preachers, on the subject of the gospel.

The challenge was accepted on condition that the preachers would confine their arguments to Bible proofs, which they agreed to do.

The discussion accordingly opened by Elder Adams preaching a discourse on the first principles of the gospel. He spoke in such a plain, pointed and forcible manner, that the opponents to the truth were disconcerted. When their turn to speak arrived, they laid aside the volume of inspiration which they had agreed to take as their guide, and commenced reading from Howe's "Mormonism Unveiled," a book written by one D. P. Hurlbut. This book contained the most glaring falsehoods and inconsistent ideas that wicked men could invent.

The umpires informed the preachers that they must not deviate from their written contract, but confine themselves to Bible proofs, as they had agreed to do. If the "Mormon" doctrine was false, it must be proved so from the Bible.

After the old preachers had tried in vain to produce any scripture proofs, or logic either, to sustain their false views, and the powerless form of religion which they held to, they were reinforced by a young Free-will Baptist preacher, named Solon Hill. It was soon evident that he could offer nothing in the way of argument, for he soon drifted into the same strain of slander and vituperation in which the others of his party had sought to indulge. Finally, however, he hit upon a plan which he seemed to think would enable him to come off victor.

Turning to Elder Adams, he said, "If you are a servant of God, as you boldly say you are, I demand a sign of you to convince me that you are genuine."

Elder Adams told him that he had taken a dangerous stand; that signs followed believers, did not go before them; that signs came by faith, not faith by signs. He informed him who the first sign-seeker was—Satan, whose children had always been faithful in following his example. He testified that the truths of heaven had been plainly laid before them, that the Spirit had given unmistakable evidence of its truth, and that unless he repented of his sins, rendered obedience to the gospel and lived up to its requirements, the curse of God would rest upon him.

The meeting was dismissed without the preachers being able to disprove any of the truths advanced by the Elders; the

people were left to reflect at leisure upon what they had listened to, and the preacher, Hill, to accept the consequence of disobeying the servant of God.

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After a lapse of sixteen years from the time of the events just narrated, I happened to be in the same part of Pennsylvania upon a mission.

Calling one day at a house to water my horse, I saw one of the most deformed and repulsive looking beings I ever beheld.

On arriving at my destination, I informed my brethren of the hideous sight I had met with, when I was told that the being I had seen was what was left of the man who had demanded a sign from a servant of God.

In 1878 Elder Butler, of Ogden, was on a mission to the same place, and I wrote to him for information concerning Hill. His reply was, "He is still alive, and an object of charity."

There are two ways of knowing the truths of the gospel. One is to obey and live up to them. The antediluvians took the other way and were overwhelmed; and the man who wanted a sign also took it, and, as a consequence, had to drag out a long and most miserable existence, manifesting by his appearance to every beholder, that the curse of the Almighty was certainly resting upon him.

A NECDOTES OF ELDER GRANT.

BY T. B. LEWIS.

IT was the good fortune of Elder J. M. Grant to be the first to open the door of salvation to the people of South-Western Virginia, upon whom he made an impression that time does not seem to remove. This impression was the result of his honesty and truthfulness, and his readiness to meet the foes of truth, added to his peculiar clearness, force and power in preaching the divine principles of the gospel. He was an earnest worker. Through his earnestness, sincerity and practical common sense, he was often thrown into the society of men and women of the highest culture and intelligence that the State contained.

In this connection a rather singular coincidence is related.

About the time of his first appearance in Burk's Garden, Tazewell County, Virginia, he held his meetings, generally, at the residence of Colonel Peter Litz, a man of considerable wealth and influence at that time.

At one of these meetings, I think about the second, a very large concourse of people had assembled, and it was decided, on account of the size of the congregation, to hold the meeting in the orchard, there being a beautiful blue grass lawn beneath the trees.

It was the Sabbath day. That morning, a Miss Floyd, sister of the late John B. Floyd, who lived a few miles distant, was reading the Bible, and accidentally turned to the passage, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good."

She arose immediately, ordered her carriage, and said: "Inspired by that injunction, I will go and hear what that 'Mormon' has to say."

When she arrived at the place of meeting, she gave orders for her carriage to be driven around to a position where she could remain seated in it, and still be able to hear the remarks of the speaker.

The moment her carriage stopped, Elder Grant arose and announced his text: "Prove all things; hold fast that

which is good," from which he preached a most powerful sermon.

Colonel Litz told me he never heard anything so clearly set forth as the principles of the gospel were on that day. The evidence adduced as to the divine authenticity of the doctrines preached by the Saints was overwhelming, and the testimony borne was most powerful.

At the close of the meeting Miss Floyd alighted, walked up and introduced herself to Elder Grant, and invited him home with her.

Miss Floyd was a lady of rare qualities of mind, and had taken advantage of every opportunity for intellectual advancement. Her information was vast, and of a solid nature. She was the best genealogist in the country, and was thoroughly posted in religious matters.

She was so deeply impressed by the sermon, that she made the remark to the Elder after the close of it:

"Mr. Grant, I am a Catholic; and if Catholicism is not true, 'Mormonism' is. I am fully persuaded that 'Mormonism' is next to Catholicism."

She was ever afterwards a true friend to Brother Grant.

That and other discourses of the same kind did a powerful work, and laid a foundation upon which Elders are building up branches of the Church in that region to-day.

Elder Grant had not the advantage of a collegiate education, and naturally had a dread of meeting with men who were highly educated. He often expressed this feeling to others. But when he came in contact with men of that type, they seemed to be mere pygmies in comparison with him, when discussing the principles of the true gospel.

One very amusing incident was told me, which shows the peculiar way Brother Grant had of testing the material with which he had to deal.

The Lutheran church in Burk's Garden had a minister, the Rev. Ruby, who was a very fine scholar in the Latin and Greek languages, and was considered a thorough theologian.

A certain man in the place, who was very fond of fun and debate, urged the Rev. Ruby to challenge Elder Grant to meet him in discussion on religion, stating to him that Mr. Grant was uneducated and ignorant, and by so doing he would expunge the "delusion" from the community and do a great good.

Thus urged, the challenge was given and accepted.

The two, Rev. Ruby and Elder Grant, had never met, nor even seen each other.

A few days before the time appointed for the discussion, the two parties chanced to meet at a public gathering of some kind, and the waggish instigator of the discussion was there also. The latter stepped up to Elder Grant and said:

"Mr. Grant, allow me to introduce you to the Rev. Mr. Ruby, the Lutheran preacher."

Brother Grant stepped back and gave the reverend gentleman a thorough inspection, and then said:

"Did I understand you to say *preacher*?"

"Yes sir."

"Well, well; if I was secreted in the bushes along the side of the road for the purpose of waylaying a preacher, and Mr. Ruby should pass along, I wouldn't even snap a cap at him."

The reverend gentleman was completely thunderstruck. He had no more use for Elder Grant, and remarked: "If that is the kind of a man he is, I don't want to have anything more to do with him."

It was enough, there was no discussion. Thus, Brother Grant disarmed his foe, and marched on triumphantly to victory, scattering the seeds of eternal truth, which have taken

root in the hearts of many and sprung up, and in their turn produced fruit.

It can be truly said of Elder J. M. Grant, that he has left "footprints on the sands of time," for I saw them and took courage.

A REMINISCENCE.

BY W. C. S.

(Continued.)

ON Christmas day my knee and right side were badly swollen. I had been suffering much pain for two days, and I feared if it continued the disease would strike inwardly, and that if so, I could not live. At noon my knee was nearly as large as my head; but it did not hurt me to walk slowly, and I concluded that I would go and pray, believing it would be the last time I would be able to do so, for my faith about living had left me, and I felt that I could not live twenty-four hours longer.

I had always felt very indifferent about what might become of my body after death, but now I felt quite the reverse.

The Ponca Indians bury their dead in a shallow hole, packing a mound of sward over the body. The ground was so deeply frozen that if I died and the Indians tried to give me a decent burial, they could not possibly dig up much sod to put over me, not enough to protect me from the wolves, which were very numerous around the camp. The idea of my body being pulled limb from limb, and scattered all over the country, caused me to feel very sad, for you must know I felt sure I should die, and that too in a few hours.

It was a most horrible feeling, for I could almost fancy I saw my body being pulled to pieces and my bones picked clean of flesh and sinew, and scattered all over the country.

While these horrible thoughts were passing through my mind I was steadily nearing my prayer room, where, on arriving, I knelt down and prayed as I never had before.

In presenting myself to the Lord, I stated my feelings as I have described them, asking Him to spare my life if it was His will, for I was anxious to see the Saints again; but if not, I said, "O Lord, Thy will be done!" I asked Him to protect my body, when buried, from the wolves, that it might not be scattered to the four winds. I said, "spare it, oh, my Father, and let it rest in peace, until it is Thy will to visit some of my brethren with dream or with vision, that they may know of my death, and the location of this poor feeble body."

Much more was said by me, for the Spirit of God was upon me. After this, and while walking to the village and thinking of what had passed; it was suggested to me that I need not be buried there at all. I had got a good double barrelled gun, and a good suit of clothes at the camp of the Saints. All I need do was to tell the chief that I was sick, and expected to die, and when dead I wanted him to cut into quarters my body, pack it, and send it to my chief (Bishop Miller), that I might be buried with the Saints; and for doing this, I would give him all I possessed.

No sooner had this thought suggested itself to me, than I felt it was an answer to my prayer, and I there and then praised the Lord for His goodness and kindness towards me.

As soon as I reached the lodge, I got out my journal to write in it, as I supposed, for the last time (for I was suffering much pain inwardly, and gradually becoming weaker),

and also to write a note to Brother Miller, authorizing him to give up my clothes, etc., to the party who presented my body to him.

I got out my book, tore out a leaf to write this note, dipped my pen (a crow's quill) in the ink, when I felt impressed to speak as follows:

"Thus saith the Lord unto you, my servant; thy prayers have been heard and accepted of me, and from this hour thou shalt commence to recover, for thou shalt live and not die; thou shalt return in due time to the camps of Israel; thou shalt be gathered to the place I have appointed for the gathering of my people; thou shalt be blessed with a home and habitation with my Saints; and thou shalt travel much and again see thy sister in the flesh."

Much more was at the same time manifested to me by the Spirit. I had no sooner received this than I closed the book, believing all the Spirit had said.

I assure all who may read this, that this day's experience was worth more to me than any amount of this world's goods that I could possibly possess. I surely rejoiced that day in the God of my salvation as I had not known how to do before.

It is true I had received many testimonies, with promises that I should live, and had in different ways been convinced of the existence of a God, and the truth of the gospel as taught by Joseph Smith, the prophet, but this day's testimony was under different circumstances and feelings. I had given up all thoughts of living; I had no fear of dying; my only trouble was about my body being removed and torn to pieces after burial. But here, when doing my last work, as I then believed (writing a note and the last record in my journal), the Spirit of the Lord rested upon me, and I received the glad tidings that I should live and not die. I was assured that I should again see my friends and brethren in the Church, that I should visit my sister who was (as is now) in England; that I should travel much, and have a home and habitation with the Saints, etc. This, to me, was a greater testimony than anything I had ever before received.

All of this has been fulfilled to the letter. I have lived: I have seen my sister three times since then; I have traveled much (for many years past from six to twenty thousand miles in a year), and I have a home and a habitation.

How little the outside world know of these things, or of the faith of the Latter-day Saints! It is these testimonies that give strength and faith to us when away from our friends on missions. Had I not been with those Indians as I was, alone and sorely afflicted, I might never have had this testimony.

It is so with all who are faithful and who go upon missions. They may meet with trouble and be persecuted, but the Lord will pour out His Spirit upon them to such a degree, that they will rejoice in their afflictions, and be glad afterwards that they have passed through such trials.

The Lord has thus blessed thousands who have been sent upon missions, and He will so bless many thousands more, and even more abundantly as our works and faith increase.

(To be Continued.)

EVERY natural longing has its natural satisfaction. If we thirst, God has created liquids to gratify thirst. If we are susceptible of attachment, there are beings to gratify that love. If we thirst for life and love eternal, it is only reasonable to conclude that there is an eternal life, as well as an eternal love to satisfy that craving. Such a desire was not given to man in vain.

LETTER TO THE BOYS.

SALT LAKE CITY,
September 14, 1880.

DEAR BOYS,

We had no correspondence in the last issue of the INSTRUCTOR. I received but one letter, which was from John T. Jones; he has attempted a solution of my questions, but they are far from being correct. The riddles have a double meaning, and are very apropos when understood. I shall hope next time to see them solved; such things teach the young mind to think, and give it exercise, which is good. Every faculty of the mind requires exercise, the same as every faculty of the body; otherwise they lose health and strength, and become inert, if not useless.

Now I shall expect to hear from you all soon, or our correspondence will cease, which it ought not to do, because if kept up with spirit it will tend to great good which you do not now dream of.

John T. Jones says he likes to read Church works, and the history of nations. This class of reading is excellent, and I also recommend the lives of celebrated men and women; I have found biography strengthen and improve my own mind and character. We read of their sufferings, and noble endurance under them. We are apt to think our trials have been severe, but if we read their lives we shall find that they passed through much more than we have, with a few exceptions.

I would urge J. T. J. and all my young brethren, to apply themselves especially to orthography. Even if the writing of a letter is not so very good, if it is spelled well, and the ideas good, we care not so much for the calligraphy; but good spelling is imperative on every writer, or he must be set down as illiterate.

I shall look for another letter, a more elaborate one, from C. W. I liked the tone of his letter, but it was too brief; he has the right idea that by gathering knowledge "we may become more fit instruments for laboring in the Lord's vineyard." Yes, those ideas are very correct.

We should so train our minds by reading and observation that we may not play *a la Paganini*, on one string, but acquire a general knowledge of men and things, by observation and association, that we may always be supplied at any moment with the "small change." Let others be bothered with the big note, which but very few people are capable of changing.

A readiness in discussion or conversation is very delightful, and is a powerful weapon, one that will disconcert your opponent sooner than heavy arguments, for his brain is unexpected capsized, and before it regains its equilibrium you have something else to advance that keeps it down, and before you are aware of it you possess "the floor."

"Trifles do most truly make the sum of human things." Attend to them, and you will indeed find that you have got an education.

I am very pleased with all the letters of my young correspondents; they do credit to both their head and heart.

Now, young men, be alive, and let us make this correspondence worthy of the trouble and expense of printing, and then of being read, not only by our own people, but to go forth to the world and oblige them to say that good can come out of Nazareth.

Consider your words before you write them, and then learn to condense.

As ever, your friend,
HANNAH T. KING.

BOOK OF MORMON SKETCHES.

BY JAS. A. LITTLE.

(Continued.)

IN the year 30, A. D., the church being broken up, the people became very wicked. Lachoneus, the son of Lachoneus, had succeeded his father in the office of governor.

Inspired men began to appear among the people, and boldly reprove them for their iniquities, and teach them concerning the sufferings, death and resurrection of Christ. Many of the people were angry, including the chief judges, high priests and lawyers. No officer had power to condemn a person to death without the authority of the governor, but many of the prophets were put to death secretly by the judges. A complaint was entered against them to the governor and they were tried for their crimes, according to the law made by the people.

Their kindred and friends, the lawyers and high priests, entered into a secret combination with the judges to destroy that part of the people who were in favor of law and justice, and to save the guilty judges from the just penalty of their crimes. This was, in fact, the re-establishment of the order of Gadianton. They proposed to assassinate the governor, set up a king to rule the country, and destroy its liberties. That same year they murdered the chief judge as he occupied the judgment seat. The result was not what the secret association anticipated; for the people, being dissatisfied with the condition of affairs, divided into tribes, every man with his family uniting with his kindred and friends. This completely disorganized the government, and disconcerted the plans of the conspirators. Some men had large families and many kindred and friends, and the tribes were proportionately large. Each tribe appointed their chief, or leader, who directed their general affairs, and it was his special duty to see that the laws they had adopted were properly administered.

There was but little to unite these communities except their fear of the Gadiantonians. This appears to have led to a confederation for the purpose of defense. They stipulated to keep peace with one another, and established laws regulating tribal intercourse, that one tribe might not trespass upon the rights of others.

The secret association elected one Jacob, for their leader. Seeing that their enemies, the tribes of the people, were too numerous to contend with, he commanded his followers to flee into the northernmost parts of the land, where they could build up a kingdom to themselves, and become sufficiently strong to successfully contend with the tribes of the people. They carried out this plan, and their flight was too speedy to be intercepted. Thus ended this year of important events.

In this calamitous condition of affairs, Nephi was called, by the voice of the Lord and the administration of angels, to labor diligently in the ministry among this wicked people. At first, but few accepted the truth; but in the following year, 32, A. D., many were baptized into the church. As the year 33, A. D., was passing away, the people began to look anxiously for the fulfillment of the predictions of Samuel, the Lamanite, concerning the important events which should take place at the death of our Savior. Notwithstanding the many predictions of the prophets already fulfilled, there was much doubt and uneasiness among the people concerning their further fulfillment. They had not long to remain in uncertainty, for the predicted events, which were to indicate the death of the Son of Man, at Jerusalem, began to transpire on the fourth day of the first month of the year 34, A. D.

It was probably the most sweeping calamity that had taken place on the earth since the flood.

To attempt to abridge the description of these terrible events as given by Nephi, the historian, who lived at the time, would do the subject injustice. Therefore, we give a verbatim account of them, from the 8th chapter of III. Nephi:

"And it came to pass in the thirty and fourth year, in the first month, in the fourth day of the month, there arose a great storm, such an one as never had been known in all the land; and there was also a great and terrible tempest; and there was terrible thunder, insomuch, that it did shake the whole earth as if it was about to divide assunder; and there were exceeding sharp lightnings, such as never had been known in all the land. And the city of Zarahemla did take fire; and the city of Moroni did sink into the depths of the sea, and the inhabitants thereof were drowned; and the earth was carried up upon the city of Moronihah, that in the place of the city thereof, there became a great mountain; and there was a great and terrible destruction in the land southward. But behold, there was a more great and terrible destruction in the land northward: for behold, the whole face of the land was changed, because of the tempest, and the whirlwinds, and the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the exceeding great quaking of the whole earth; and the highways were broken up, and the level roads were spoiled, and many smooth places became rough, and many great and notable cities were sunk, and many were burned, and many were shook till the buildings thereof had fallen to the earth, and the inhabitants thereof were slain, and the places were left desolate; and there were some cities which remained; but the damage thereof was exceeding great, and there were many in them who were slain; and there were some who were carried away in the whirlwind; and whither they went, no man knoweth, save they know that they were carried away; and thus the face of the whole earth became deformed because of the tempests, and the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the quaking of the earth. And behold, the rocks were rent in twain; they were broken up upon the face of the whole earth, insomuch, that they were found in broken fragments, and in seams, and in cracks, upon the face all of the land.

"And it came to pass that when the thunderings, and the lightnings, and the storm, and the tempest, and the quakings, of the earth did cease—for behold, they did last for about the space of three hours; and it was said by some that the time was greater; nevertheless, all these great and terrible things were done in about the space of three hours; and then behold, there was darkness upon the face of the land.

"And it came to pass that there was thick darkness upon all the face of the land, insomuch, that the inhabitants thereof who had not fallen, could feel the vapor of darkness; and there could be no light, because of the darkness; neither candles, neither torches; neither could there be fire kindled with their fine and exceeding dry wood, so that there could not be any light at all; and there was not any light seen, neither fire, nor glimmer, neither the sun, nor the moon, nor the stars, for so great were the mists of darkness which were upon the face of the land.

"And it came to pass that it did last for the space of three days, that there was no light seen; and there was great mourning, and howling, and weeping among all the people continually; yea, great were the groanings of the people, because of the darkness and the great destruction which had come upon them."

(To be Continued.)

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, - - - - - EDITOR.

SALT LAKE CITY, OCTOBER 1, 1880.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

OUR enemies are not idle. They keep up a constant warfare. They wish to destroy Zion. They would like to bring us into bondage. They have tried to do this for fifty years. Yet we grow and increase and spread abroad. They cannot persecute us now as they once could, but they still make attacks upon us and will continue to do so. The contest will not cease until Zion is redeemed. But how wonderful are the deliverances of the Lord. Our enemies gain no advantage over us. That which they do for evil results in good to us. When they seem to have defeated us we are victorious. This has always been the case with the people of God. God makes promises to His people, and He fulfills them; we can rely upon them.

After the Jews had been carried away captive from Jerusalem, a young woman by the name of Esther became queen of Persia. She was a Jewess. She had a relative named Mordecai. He was a wise man and a servant of God. The principal man in the kingdom next to the king was named Haman. He was a proud, ambitious, cruel man. He was greedy for glory and honor. Mordecai did not give him the honor that he desired, and when he found that Mordecai was a Jew, he desired to take revenge upon him. But he thought that to kill Mordecai alone would be too small a thing for a man in his station, so he determined to destroy the entire race to which he belonged. He did not know that the queen was a relative of Mordecai's, nor that she was a Jewess; for Mordecai had told her to keep that secret. Haman was very much like many people in these days in his feelings towards the Jews; he would like them all killed off, just as many people would like all the Latter-day Saints killed off. And he did just as men who are like him do now—he told lies to accomplish his purposes. He told the king: "There is a certain people scattered abroad and dispersed among the people in all the provinces of thy kingdom; and their laws are diverse from all people; neither keep they the king's laws; therefore it is not for the king's profit to suffer them. If it please the king, let it be written that they may be destroyed; and I will pay ten thousand talents of silver to the hands of those that have the charge of the business, to bring it into the king's treasures." Book of Esther iii. 8, 9.

How much this sounds like the lying charges made against the Latter-day Saints by their enemies! And Haman wanted to do to the Jews just what our enemies want to do to us. He thought, too, that he had succeeded, for the king gave him authority to send letters throughout the provinces, which letters were sealed with the king's seal, commanding them to kill all the Jews, men, women, and children upon a certain day, and to rob them of all their property. Haman was greatly delighted at his success. Yet there was one thing that made him unhappy—he could not get Mordecai to do him honor. His wife suggested that he should build a gallows

fifty cubits high, and that he should ask the king for the privilege to hang Mordecai on it. He built the gallows, and was about to ask the king for the privilege of hanging his enemy, when the king asked him a question. It was "What shall be done unto the man whom the king delighteth to honor?" Haman thought in his heart that he was the man above all others whom the king would like to honor, so he proposed to the king that he should wear the king's garments, ride upon the king's horse, that the royal crown should be set upon his head and the highest prince of the kingdom should lead him through the streets of the city and proclaim before him, "thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honor." What must Haman's astonishment have been when the king told him that Mordecai was the man for whom he desired this honor? And how much must it have added to his rage when he was told that he was to be the prince who should lead him through the streets of the city and make this proclamation? He had just come for the purpose of asking the king for the privilege of hanging this man, and at that very moment the king required him to do to Mordecai the greatest honor he could think of, and he himself had suggested to the king what that honor should be! We can all imagine what his mortification and rage must have been!

It appears that the king, during the night before, had been very wakeful, and he had requested some of his servants to read from the records to him. He found written there that Mordecai had been the means of saving his life from a conspiracy which had been entered into by two of his servants. They had conspired to kill the king; but Mordecai had not been rewarded for this service. When the king learned this, Haman happened to be in the court of the palace. The king sent for him and asked him this question—what should be done to the man whom the king delighted to honor?

Now, in this we can see the hand of the Lord. Mordecai was a servant of God, and the Lord had caused the king to be wakeful and to send for the record in order that Mordecai might be delivered from the trap that Haman had spread for his life. It is in small matters like this that saints of all ages acknowledge the hand of God.

Mordecai had sent word to Esther that the Jews were all to be killed on a certain day, and that she must use her influence with the king to prevent it. It seems that there was a law in the palace of the king that a wife could not go unto the king in the inner court unless she was sent for by him. If she did so her life was in danger unless he extended his sceptre for her to touch the end of it. Esther informed Mordecai of this law; but Mordecai told her if she did not do something to save her people she and her father's house would perish, and that God would bring deliverance to the Jews through some other means.

Esther was obedient to her adopted father. She sent word to him to gather all the Jews together, to fast for her three days, night and day, and that she and her maidens would fast also, and then she would go in unto the king even though it were not according to the law, and, said she, "If I perish I perish."

But the fasting of herself and her people, and their prayers, were acceptable unto the Lord. She went unto the king, and he was so pleased to see her that he offered to give her half the kingdom if she wished it.

Her request of the king was a very simple one. She invited him to a banquet the next day, and Haman also. The banquet was continued on the second day, and while feasting and enjoying themselves, the king was so pleased with Esther that

he again told her that any request she made should be granted, even to half of his kingdom. Then she told him of the conspiracy, and that this wicked Haman, who was present, had sought her life and the life of her people.

The king was enraged on hearing her story, and rose up full of anger against Haman. Haman saw the danger he was in, and when the king withdrew he approached near the queen to beg for his life.

At this moment the king entered and saw the liberty he was taking with the queen, which enraged him the more, and his servants took Haman, covered his face, and were about to kill him when one of them suggested that he should be hanged on the gallows which he had prepared for Mordecai.

The king ordered this to be done. So the gallows that Haman had erected for the destruction of the good Mordecai, was graced by his own worthless body.

The Jews afterwards hung his ten sons on the same gallows, for they had liberty given them to avenge themselves against their enemies, and they slew thousands of them upon the day which had been set apart for their own destruction by Haman.

Mordecai was made the chief man in the kingdom, next to the king, and all the Jews prospered and gained great favor because of his power and greatness in the kingdom.

There was one curious remark which was made by Haman's wise men and his wife to him when he returned to his home after having led the king's horse as Mordecai rode it through the city. It seems that he returned there, mourning and feeling badly because of the honor which had been conferred upon Mordecai, and he told his wife and his wise men what had happened. They said to him:

"If Mordecai be of the seed of the Jews, before whom thou hast begun to fall, thou shalt not prevail against him, but thou shalt surely fall before him."

Were not these remarkable words? And how completely they were fulfilled! These wise men doubtless knew something about the blessings which attended the Jews, and the success that followed them in their undertakings.

The remark is not true respecting Mordecai and the Jews of that day alone, but it is equally true of the people of God in these days and in these valleys. No enemy of this people has prevailed against them. Our enemies have always gone down before the Saints. The Saints have been fortunate. They have been successful. They have escaped every trap and snare which has been spread for their feet. Now our enemies are trying a new scheme. They want to prevent the women of this Territory from voting. The object is to bring them into bondage, to get us into their power. But, mark our words, children, they will fail just as Haman failed. Our enemies will themselves fall into the pits they dig for our feet. Is not this a consolation?

TRUE LIVING.—God has written upon the flower that sweetens the air, upon the breeze that rocks the flower on its stem, upon the rain drops which swell the mighty river, upon the dew-drop that refreshes the smallest sprig of moss that rears its head in the desert, upon the ocean that rocks every swimmer in its chambers, upon every penitent shell that sleeps in the caverns of the deep, as well as upon the mighty sun which warms and cheers the millions of creatures that live in its light. Upon all hath He written, "*Nour of us liveth unto himself.*"—TODD.

BAD manners are a species of bad morals.

THE PLEASURES OF LIFE.

BY C. R. S.

SOME persons have a great dread of growing old. Why it is I do not know. It is just as natural to grow old as it is to require food. Perhaps some may think that as they grow old they may as well forego all hopes of enjoyment. But they should not think so. The proper thing to do is to keep one's self occupied, to cultivate the love of the beautiful, to study the objects that surround us on every hand, to find out the hidden things of nature. These things will bring happiness to old age. Everything that exists offers to the thinking mind a source of pleasure and amusement. Everywhere is the beneficent power of God seen by those whose eyes are open. The smallest living creature is perfect in all its parts, and possesses an individuality of its own, even though it be fished up from the depths of the mighty ocean, two miles below the surface. The fungus that looks like a white mould, is a small forest under the microscope, in which every tiny tree has its trunk, branches and limbs complete.

In every stage of life there is something to brighten up the pathway of our experience. The joyous, happy boy or girl sees nothing but the bright side of life. With such a person all is sunshine; and so it should be. As he or she grows older, the power of love towards the opposite sex brings joy and happiness. Then follow the cares of a family. Further on the deep shadows of life come out bolder and bolder; friends may have proven enemies; misfortunes may cloud the prospects; the cares and responsibilities of life may have sobered down the hilarity and exuberance of youth. But then come the satisfaction and pleasure in the reflection of having accomplished something. The father who looks upon his dutiful children with confidence in their integrity, has a pleasure so pure, so satisfactory, that the fancied hopes of youth never gave him anything like it.

Youth is happy in anticipation. The prospects of the future afford joy. In maturity or old age, a retrospective view should be no less pleasing. Nor will it be when a life has been well spent. The pleasure will not be confined to viewing the past either; for the present will be rich with joys before unseen, and fond anticipation will extend far, far into the future, even to another and brighter sphere.

The picture is more complete when the lights and shadows are thoroughly blended. A happy home, with wife, children and friends is as complete an ideal of earthly joy as can be imagined, and when such a home is controlled by the power of faith in the living God, it is perfection.

These reflections have come to my mind when contemplating the picture of the intelligent and benevolent old gentleman seen in the picture, feeding the chattering group of little birds.

In thickly peopled countries and in over crowded cities, the window is the only garden spot that thousands of human beings enjoy. Every nook and corner is filled with something choice—something that reminds the inhabitants of the green fields, the wild flowers that bloom and thrive in the glens and valleys where they used to romp and play in earlier life.

No doubt the subject of our picture may have enjoyed life under different circumstances. His family may have grown up and been scattered, so that he is left almost alone—and yet not alone. He has arranged his window sill, so that the

chirping sparrows come around, and as they find food furnished by his kindness, he finds companionship in seeing them enjoy his bounty.

In Norway, the peasants place upon their barn every Christmas, a sheaf of wheat, so that the little birds may enjoy themselves when out in the cheerless snow.

Little birds are the great friends of man. If they were all

killed off, our trees and fruits would soon suffer more than now do from devouring insects.

Even the sparrows in our city are doing an immense amount of good. Formerly the box elder trees were leafless about the end of August, now they are green and beautiful. It was the same in New York before the sparrows were imported from England; the trees swarmed with caterpillars, which



devoured the foliage. Now they are nearly all destroyed by these little feathered friends, and the trees preserve their beauty.

The sparrows also devour great numbers of grasshoppers, as well as other insects. The writer saw a woodpecker picking out the apple grubs from an old fence, last winter. All the small birds help to keep down the too great abundance of insect pests.

The boys who seek to destroy these little benefactors by the use of flippers, shot guns, and other means, little know how much harm they do.

Let it be one of the pleasures of our life to preserve that which we cannot restore when we wickedly take it, that is, life.

To scatter happiness around us is more God-like than to destroy. Let us individually try to make the world happier for our being here.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHET.

(Continued.)

WHEN we recollect that Joseph was only thirty-eight years of age at the time he was killed, the work which he was the instrument in the hands of God of accomplishing seems truly wonderful. Alone, with no one to help him but the Lord, he started out with the determination to obey the commands which he received from heaven. He had not learning; he had not wealth; powerful friends he had none; but he had what were of greater value to him than all these—he had the truth and the authority from God to proclaim it. And the Lord whom he served made him mighty in word and in deed. He performed a marvelous work, and in the face of obstacles, too, that would have frightened the most of men, and which he himself could never have overcome had the Lord not given him help. In this connection we quote respecting the work which he accomplished and some other particulars, from the book of Doctrine and Covenants:

"Joseph Smith, the prophet and seer of the Lord, has done more (save Jesus only,) for the salvation of men in this world, than any other man that ever lived in it. In the short space of twenty years, he has brought forth the Book of Mormon, which he translated by the gift and power of God, and has been the means of publishing it on two continents; has sent the fullness of the everlasting gospel which it contains to the four quarters of the earth; has brought forth the revelations and commandments which compose this book of Doctrine and Covenants, and many other wise documents and instructions for the benefit of the children of men; gathered many thousands of the Latter-day Saints, founded a great city; and left a fame and name that cannot be slain. He lived great, and he died great in the eyes of God and his people, and like most of the Lord's anointed in ancient times, has sealed his mission and his works with his own blood—and so has his brother Hyrum. In life they were not divided, and in death they were not separated!"

"When Joseph went to Carthage to deliver himself up to the pretended requirements of the law, two or three days previous to his assassination, he said, 'I am going like a lamb to the slaughter; but I am calm as a summer's morning; I have a conscience void of offense towards God, and towards all men. I SHALL DIE INNOCENT, AND IT SHALL YET BE SAID OF ME—HE

WAS MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.' The same morning, after Hyrum had made ready to go—shall it be said to the slaughter? Yes, for so it was—he read the following paragraph, near the close of the fifth chapter of Ether, in the Book of Mormon, and turned down the leaf upon it:—

"And it came to pass that I prayed unto the Lord that he would give unto the Gentiles grace, that they might have charity. And it came to pass that the Lord said unto me, if they have not charity, it mattereth not unto you, thou hast been faithful; wherefore thy garments are clean. And because thou hast seen thy weakness, thou shalt be made strong, even unto the sitting down in the place which I have prepared in the mansions of my Father. And now I—bid farewell unto the Gentiles; yea and also unto my brethren whom I love, until we shall meet before the judgment-seat of Christ, where all men shall know that my garments are not spotted with your blood.

"The testators are now dead, and their testament is in force.

"Hyrum Smith was 44 years old, February, 1844, and Joseph Smith was 38 in December, 1843; and henceforward their names will be classed among the martyrs of religion; and the reader in every nation will be reminded that the 'Book of Mormon,' and this book of Doctrine and Covenants of the church, cost the best blood of the nineteenth century to bring them forth for the salvation of a ruined world: and that if the fire can seethe a green tree for the glory of God, how easy it will burn up the 'dry trees' to purify the vineyard of corruption. They lived for glory; they died for glory; and glory is their eternal reward. From age to age shall their names go down to posterity as gems for the sanctified.

"They were innocent of any crime, as they had often been proved before, and were only confined in jail by the conspiracy of traitors and wicked men; and their *innocent blood* on the floor of Carthage jail, is a broad seal affixed to 'Mormonism' that cannot be rejected by any court on earth; and their *innocent blood* on the escutcheon of the State of Illinois, with the broken faith of the State as pledged by the Governor, is a witness to the truth of the everlasting gospel, that all the world cannot impeach; and their *innocent blood* on the banner of liberty, and on the *magna charta* of the United States, is an ambassador for the religion of Jesus Christ, that will touch the hearts of honest men among all nations; and their *innocent blood*, with the innocent blood of all the martyrs under the altar that John saw, will cry unto the Lord of hosts, till he avenges that blood on the earth. Amen."

About 8 o'clock on the morning after the murder (the 28th) Dr. Richards started for Nauvoo with the bodies of Joseph and Hyrum on two wagons, accompanied by Samuel H. Smith, who was a brother of Joseph and Hyrum's, and a Mr. Hamilton and a guard of eight soldiers who had been sent on that service by Gen. Deming. The bodies were covered with bushes to keep them from the hot sun. Nearly all the people of the city, when they heard the bodies were coming, collected together and went out to meet them; they were under the direction of the city marshal. Besides private citizens there were the City Council, Joseph's staff and the staffs of the other generals of the Legion, and many of the officers of that body. The procession was an imposing one, and the lamentations and wailings of the people, were such as are seldom witnessed or heard. It was as though every person in the assemblage had lost his nearest kinsmen and friends.

When the procession arrived, the bodies were both taken into the Nauvoo Mansion, Joseph's residence. No language that we can use would do justice to the scenes that followed. The heart-rending grief of the families of the deceased and of all who were there was indescribable. But the public were not then admitted to see the bodies. They were told that the next morning they would be exposed to view.

There were about eight or ten thousand people collected together on that occasion. From the frame of the building

which stood on the opposite corner to the Mansion they were addressed by Dr. Willard Richards, W. W. Phelps, and two of Joseph's lawyers, Messrs. Woods and Reid, and Col. Stephen Markham. The people were admonished by Dr. Richards to keep the peace. He had pledged his honor and his life, he said, for their good conduct. The other speeches were generally to the same effect. The people resolved with one united voice to trust to the law for a remedy of such a high-handed assassination, and when that failed, to call upon God to avenge them of their wrongs.

The next day it was estimated that over ten thousand persons visited the Mansion to see the bodies of the prophet and patriarch. From 8 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock in the evening a living stream passed through the doors of the room where they laid in their coffins. A mock funeral took place that afternoon by the boxes which contained the coffins being carried to the graveyard in the hearse. But the bodies were secretly buried that night. This was done to prevent the enemies of the martyrs getting possession of their bodies.

(To be Continued.)

Correspondence.

CITY OF MEXICO, MEXICO,
August 23, 1880.

Dear Brother Lambert,

I hope you will not feel that I have neglected to write to you without a just cause. I do not think that a mail leaves this city but what I think of you and desire to write, but I truly have so much that I am obliged to do, that I must neglect some that I should do. I am in good health and spirits, and am laboring to the best of my knowledge and ability to disseminate the principles of truth, and break down prejudice. Some of the Mexican papers, especially *La Tribuna*, are very kind about publishing articles which I present to them concerning our religion and people. In fact the editors have offered to publish anything I wish published, and while I think I have used moderation, yet I have had several articles, important ones, published. I have purchased quite a number of the papers containing the articles and caused the articles to be posted up in conspicuous places, and in this way the same paper would, perhaps in some instances, be read by hundreds; and, as there are comparatively few of the Mexicans able to take the papers, almost everything which is posted up is read by crowds of people.

Religious toleration in Mexico exists barely in name, that is, in nine-tenths of the republic, and one is compelled to use caution.

This new idea of posting up articles rather worries the priests. They can, to a great extent, prohibit their followers from reading Protestant books, etc., but when religious reading is posted up on the corners of the street, and in such a way that they do not know what it is until they have read it, they find their only hope to be in tearing it down before it is read. In this there is a risk, for, if they are caught, they are locked up for it.

Brothers Arteaga and Bosal posted up the first lot, and the next day Brother Arteaga received an anonymous letter, full of abuse, and threatening his life when he should be caught in a proper place. We have continued all the same, and we know from what we see and hear that good is resulting therefrom.

Quite a number of murders of Protestants have taken place in various parts of the republic, the last, a few days since, in Guadalajara; it is reported that quite a number were killed and the rest of the congregation stoned, the particulars of which, as published in the *Monitor Republican*, one of the leading journals of Mexico, are as follows (I have translated the account for the benefit of your readers):

ASSASSINATION OF THE PROTESTANTS IN SALATITAN.

Juan Panadero of Guadalajara, under date of August 5, says:

"The deed to which we refer and the circumstances connected with its perpetration have a high signification with regard to public order. We guarantee the truth of our assertions, having witnessed the declarations, given before the police court, by witnesses who were present when the act was perpetrated. Testimony was given by Edwardo Roman, Lie. Francisco O'Reilly, Gregorio Orozco, Juan Gomez and many other persons. An impartial extract of their testimony is as follows:

"On Friday the Protestants obtained permission of the civil authorities to open a place of worship in Salatitan, the information of which was communicated the same day to the justice of the peace of that place, accompanied by an order that all the help needed, by those opening the place of worship, be extended to them:

"The justice of the peace informed the priest (one Paguia) of the order which he had received, who, on the day following (Saturday), called together his followers, and told them that there would be no mass on the morrow (Sunday), because the place was going to be corrupted by the worship of Satan, and that the priest who is going to open the church is not a priest, but he is the anti-Christ, and that while these heretics remained in the place, the spiritual food would not be administered by him.

"The following day the Protestants left Guadalajara in three groups to inaugurate, in Salatitan, their new church. The first two had scarcely opened the house designed for worship, when the Catholics gathered in front of the justice's office and fell upon the Protestants and stoned them. They had time to close the door, and they remained inside until noon, when, as they no longer heard the noise of their persecutors outside, and supposing that as they had not smashed in the door, their demonstrations had ceased, they started out on their return to Guadalajara. They had proceeded but about four hundred yards outside of the town when they met the group of Catholics, headed by their priest, who had assassinated the last group of Protestants leaving Guadalajara, they not being able to join their companions who were ahead of them. The assassins divided into two parts, one with the priest continued into town, while the other turned to persecute the Protestants. The priest told them to leave them with the example which they had given them, as that was sufficient. Just at this juncture they saw the dust made by the police of Gundalajara coming to their assistance, when the Catholics dispersed in the town.

"It is diverting to know that the priest (Paguia) endeavored to make them confess before they died, which they refused to do, but he pretended to save their souls."

I hope that the offenders will be brought to justice, but I have but little faith that they will, as those who have committed similar deeds before, in Mexico, were never brought to justice.

The Mexicans in general have bright intellects, but, in many respects, are shamelessly corrupt. Their children generally have about two or three years the start of our children (American and English), on account of the enigmatical orthography of the English language, which is a disgrace to American civilization. I see it is attracting attention in the United States, and I hope the subject will never be allowed to rest until it is remedied. When I saw how much farther advanced the children here are, generally, at six and eight years of age, I was astonished, and at once began to look for the cause, and I found that English-speaking people lose at least two years of their lives trying to solve the enigmas of English orthography, and, after all, find out that a lifetime is insufficient for the task; while the Spanish orthography is perfectly simple, and soon acquired.

Mexican children are almost uncontrollable, and their schools are perfect Bedlams. Corporal punishment is prohibited by law, and the life of a teacher is in danger if he attempts to correct his students; and should he hurt one, intentionally or otherwise, he expects to meet the father of the child, prepared for a duel, in less than an hour, if the father is within reach. From that time his life is in danger, especially if he be a foreigner.

These things seem incredible, but they are nevertheless true, and I know of instances even worse than those I have mentioned.

There are good people, many of them, in Mexico, but the customs of the country are simply horrible, and, were it not that God has made great promises to the seed of Joseph, I should conclude that that part which is mixed with Spanish blood, is nearly ripe for destruction. But when I ask myself the question, why is it so? a passage of scripture occurs to me which says, "False teachers cause my people to err," and I know that some whom we have brought out of darkness are humble and faithful workers for the truth; so I have hope, and I know that many of them will come to the light and receive it with joy and gratitude.

Please remember me kindly to enquiring friends. Praying that God will bless you in your labors, and that your most interesting and instructive paper may meet with that appreciation which it merits,

I am your brother in the glorious cause of truth,
J. Z. STEWART,

JOTTINGS BY A YOUNG MISSIONARY.

BY STREBEN.

(Continued.)

LUDWIGSHAFEN lies on the left bank of the Rhine river, in a part of the kingdom of Bavaria called the Pfalz. This Pfalz is ruled by a governor, appointed by the king, and his residence is situated in Speyer, the head city of this part.

The kingdom of Bavaria, which constitutes a part of the German empire, is divided into a number of smaller divisions, each of which has a distinct ruler.

Pfalz is separated from the larger part of Bavaria, by the dukedom of Baden, but it is, nevertheless, a very important section of this kingdom.

Ludwigshafen itself contains about 10,000 inhabitants, who are mostly engaged in manufacturing, and also in exporting the grain and products of the country near by.

A large manufactory, called "The Great Chemical Aniline Dye Manufactory" is situated here, which employs between fifteen hundred and two thousand men continually, and the exportations find their way to all parts of the world. Dyes of every color and varying in price from fifty cents to forty dollars per pound, are manufactured here. A most disagreeable smell constantly arises from this manufactory, which fills the air for some distance around, but the people are very willing to endure this, as long as they can have the benefit derived from such an immense institution, which gives employment to great numbers of individuals who otherwise would not be able to obtain the means necessary for their sustenance. The company connected with this business have also built houses for several hundred families, and to each family is also allotted a small piece of ground to cultivate. These dwellings are rented to the workmen on very easy terms, thus enabling them to live pretty comfortably, when the workmen themselves are careful, industrious and economical.

A great number of men, as well as women, find employment in tobacco warehouses both in Ludwigshafen and in Mannheim, the latter city is directly across the river from the former; and it is also quite a manufacturing city, but is mostly noted as a shipping port.

A solid iron bridge crosses the river between these two places over which there is a great deal of travel, and I do not

doubt but that the bridge has already more than paid for its construction, as every person who crosses it whether on foot or in a vehicle, is required to pay a small toll to the government; and I really think this bridge is "a government cow that gives a good pail of milk." Mannheim is a city containing somewhat over 50,000 inhabitants. It is situated in the north-western part of the dukedom of Baden, in the corner formed by the junction of the Rhine and Neckar rivers. Formerly it belonged to Pfalz, and was then its principal city. It is now, however, one of the principal cities of Baden. Its location is very beautiful; and the way in which it is laid off also attracted my attention, it being similar in some respects to Salt Lake City. The streets are at right angles to each other, but are not so broad, nor are the squares so large as those of Salt Lake. Everything around looks neat and clean, but beautiful orchards and flower gardens are things which do not decorate the city, it being only occasionally that such are to be seen.

The first account or history given of Mannheim dates back to the year 768 A. D., when a few tillers of the soil built their huts here. The real history, however, commences in the year 1606, when Friedrich IV. built a fortress here, (which was then called Friedrichsburg) as a protection to his dominions. Since this latter date this place has been the scene of a great many bloody deeds, in the battles which have been fought between the different powers, and Mannheim itself, within the last hundred and fifty years, has been almost entirely destroyed by fire at the hands of the French on three separate occasions.

Almost the first thing which attracts a person's attention on coming into Mannheim is a large, solid, and old, though not beautiful-looking building which stands on the edge of the city, a short distance from the bridge. It is what is called the Mannheim Castle. The corner stone of this immense structure was laid in the year 1720 and the main part was completed in 1731. Some additions have been made since then. From the time of its completion until 1777 it was used by the rulers of this part as a residence, but it is now used for offices for the city and government authorities, for a museum, picture gallery, cabinet of antiquities, library, etc. There is also a suite of rooms standing at all times prepared for the reception of the grand duke when he will condescend to leave Carlsruhe and come here on a visit, which he generally does once every year. These apartments for his majesty are most beautifully arranged with costly furniture, and in fact, everything the heart could desire which could be bought with money. The interior of the whole building abounds in workmanship of a very high order, although it is of an ancient and not very beautiful style.

The museum here contains collections of animals, birds, insects, metals, stones, and also quite a number of very ancient tombstones; there is also a large bone here, some seventeen feet in length, which was found somewhere near the centre of the town, as an excavation for a building was being made; which is labeled as being the under jaw bone of a whale. The cabinet of antiquities contains ancient armor and weapons; also old banners, seals, coins, writings, etc. The library contains some 200,000 volumes, and among these are works of almost, if not quite, every class of literature. The picture gallery has quite a number of steel engravings, and some of them represent incidents connected with American history. The most of the pictures here found are paintings, executed by the most celebrated of foreign and home artists.

(To be Continued.)

WELCOME, WELCOME SABBATH MORNING.

WORDS BY R. B. BAIRD.

MUSIC BY E. BEESLEY.

1. Welcome, welcome Sabbath morning, Now we rest from ev'-ry care; Welcome, welcome
 2. Hark! the Sabbath bells are ringing— Hear the eeh-oes all a-round; List! the mer-ry

FINE.

is thy dawning, Ho - ly Sabbath day of prayer, Loving teachers kind - ly greet us
 children sing - ing! What a pleas - ing, joy - ful sound! Ev' - ry ten - der note en - treats us,

D. C.

As we meet in Sun - day school, Where they la - bor hard to teach us By the Savior's gold - en rule.
 Bids us come, nor long - er stay; On our way the mu - sie meets us—Hast - en, hast - en, come a-way.

NOTE.—Sing the first four lines of the first verse for a chorus.

ENIGMA.

BY NICHOLAS SMITH.

I AM composed of six letters, and I represent a condition that should characterize every Saint.

Desipitate me and I am in a hurry;
Now take off my final letter, and I am a verb of the past tense;
Take off another final letter, and I am still the same;
Desipitate again, and I am a conjunction, or an adverb of
degree;
Again take off my final letter, and I am an indefinite article;

The answer to the exercise
The words to be supplied are
*time, time, time, time, time,
etc.*

It has been correctly at several by N. W. Haws, Logan; Geo. W. Brattain, Jr., Paul C. & F. Williams, Thos. Rigby and Jas. R. Bass, Hooperville; Wm. T. Tew, Springville.

The following named persons have also sent us correct solutions, and hence discovered that the additional words which follow their respective names, may also be spelled from the six letters in question:

J. V. Bluth, Ogden -

Edgar M. Allred and Nancy H. Hunt, St. Charles—*in*
Christine Peterson, Huntsville—*of*, *in*

Wm. G. Brewer, Henneferville—*it, toe, nit*.
Nicholas Smith, Spanish Fork—*it, nit, toe, cote, cento*.
Anna Christensen and Erastus Christensen, Ephraim—*it, coin, cote*.

S. A. Johnson, Hillsdale—*tone, coin, nit, toe, it*.
Janey Johnson and Julia A. Orton, Kanab—*toe*.
J. D. Irvine, Salt Lake City—*coin, it, nit, tone, en, cento, cion*,

Thos. C. Jones, Salt Lake City—*nit, it, tone, toe, I.*
Henry N. Bowring, Brigham City—*nit, it, two, time,*

Many other words have been composed by several of our correspondents, by repeating some of the letters, but as such was evidently not the design of the author of the enigma, we have omitted publishing them, although the diligence that some of them have manifested in searching for these extra words is certainly very creditable.

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